

Spring 1986

XLVI

# MEASURE

1986

Publisher	Father Charles Banet, C.PP.S.
Faculty Advisor	Mr. John Groppe
Editor	Tom Cortes
Publication Manager	Doug Daulton
Staff	Monica Broom Amy Ceader Martha Ernst Angie Fought Brenda Harsha Nancy Wagner
Cover Design	Dean Wendorf



## THE DREAM

Look away, little girl,  
Don't let your eyes see  
The countless faults  
of humanity

Look away, little girl,  
Don't let Mother know  
You've learned too much  
to go on with the show

Look instead, little girl  
To the Blue Skies away  
For there lies your life  
in the dawning of Day

Run away, little girl.  
Come, run with me  
For I am the Dream  
that sets all men free

— M.E.

## ONE IN THE SAME

One lone guitar  
Screams in the night.  
Yet no one hears its song.

One weathered man  
Scuffs down the road;  
. . . another day goes on.

One actor stands  
Upon the stage —  
He speaks to no-one-there.

One poet writes  
Upon the page  
The words he'll never share.

One walks back through  
His memories  
And finds he walks alone.

One cries himself  
To sleep at night,  
And dreams of coming home.

— M.E.



## THE STONE HOUSES

A cold wind blew a sad song through the trees;  
Cold and musty air blew on my knees  
As I walked through the valley of the dead.  
I looked at their stone houses,  
    without doors or windows to get in.  
but as I read the inscription on the stone house,  
I learned why the cold rocks were homes  
And why the cold, cruel stone houses dotted the lawns  
That were separate and joined.  
I was shivering and I ran away,  
And I never forgot what happened that day.

*Amy Ceader*





## YOU'RE NOT ALONE

I understand you well, my friend  
For I have lost one, too.  
    The pain of all that's left undone —  
    I know what you go through.

They say that time heals all things, but  
It can't ease the pain.  
    the loss just rips your heart in two;  
    it never is the same.

At night while all are fast asleep  
You sit alone and cry.  
    wishing that they could come back  
    so you could say goodbye.

You want to grab them all and scream  
That someone close is dead.  
    you hear them say, not to think about it  
    but you can't get it out of your head.

Sometimes thoughts of them are happy  
For they've found a better place;  
    sometimes those thoughts just pierce your heart . . .  
    a touch can't be replaced.

Sometimes the helplessness subsides  
And you think you'll really make it.  
    Sometimes it hollows out your heart  
    until you cannot take it.

But now I think I've said enough  
And maybe in these lines  
    One word or phrase has once been yours,  
    in these or other times.

You see, my friend, I'm just like you  
In the pain and all the tears,  
    so remember that you're not alone  
    as you face the coming years.



## SILENCE

While all of you laugh  
And all your worlds go round . . .

There is one among you who cries  
And wishes only to be held.

— M.E.

## SO FAR AWAY

I can't remember happy times  
Though how I wish they'd stay.  
The days and months turn into years  
My memories fade away.  
The past appears unreal to me  
Or that is how it seems;  
Quickly life has passed right by;  
I've even lost my dreams.  
Those who meant a lot to me —  
I've forgotten them somehow;  
Things that used to make me smile  
Mean nothing to me now.  
When I look back in my life  
To search for a happy day,  
I can't remember anything;  
It's all so far away.

*Brenda Harsha*

## MY ROOMIE

Today is the day. I've known that this event would finally have to come, but so soon? You know, it's simply amazing how close two people can become just from living together; you know, being roommates? But, who ever thought that those glory days would have to end?

Well, Dad's here now to take me home for the weekend. It's the last time I'll ever see my roommate — actually, my best friend in college, my roomie — again.

We both smile, forcing ourselves to be jovial and happy. We hug each other goodbye, tears welling up, blurring our vision. Say goodbye just one more time. Goodbye.

Now, when I look back at that moment, I wish I could relive it. I could have said more than simply goodbye. I could have said I love you.

N.A.N.

## WEEPING WILLOW

The tall stark figure billowing in the yard  
Undressed, seeming thinner now,  
Dreading his coat of white  
And the icy winds that blow.  
Was it really so long ago  
His coat spread a shadow  
And the home in his hollow  
Nested the squirrel,  
The robin and swallow.  
His plain gown they adorned  
With sequins of green.  
Now barren, now mourned,  
For his Spring-like clothing.

Carla



## THE THINKING MAN

As somber as a mountain  
as silent as a pine . . .  
the living fortress in our midst  
that stands the test of Time.

As if cloaked in a mystery  
as elusive as his soul,  
he searches for those things  
    inside and out,  
that make him whole.

A sharpened eye, the swiftest mind —  
he'll catch most everything;  
a caring heart warmed by a smile  
for those in suffering.

Alone without and crowded within,  
a captive of his thoughts;  
he sends his dreams before him,  
ever willing to pay the cost.

Sometimes distant, sometimes near,  
most never understand;  
though, some can see in through his eyes . . .  
    the looking glass into the world  
    of the Thinking Man.

— M.E.

## *TEDDY BEAR*

You listen when  
No one else does.  
You're always sympathetic, caring,  
Though you are  
Old and worn,  
And your fur has been hugged  
threadbare.  
You still care.  
I'm too old  
For you now.  
I'm no longer a  
Little girl in pigtails  
Who cries when  
Boys tease her.  
I am now a  
"Responsible adult"  
Inwardly wishing  
For my teddy bear.

*Brenda Harsha*



## *I DO?*

"Do you take this man . . ."

Oh, God, do I?  
Look to Mom and Dad.  
Somber, but full of hope and love.  
They're safe — protecting.  
God, do I?  
Look to big brother.  
Bored.  
He's safe — protecting.  
God, do I?  
Little sister.  
Envious.  
Who, she or I?  
Oh, God, do I?  
of course I do — I love him.  
Yes.

"I do . . . I think."  
Oh, God, is that allowed?

*Angie Fought*





## WAKE UP TO REALITY

*by Jodie Schlatter*

As I watch my son playing on the floor, it is hard to believe that two years have elapsed since his birth. Spellbound, I watch as his mother hovers over him as a hen does her chicks. The grandmother stands by nodding in approval. So much commotion going on for such a young child. My father-in-law feels too much attention is given to the boy. His daughter and wife disagree wholeheartedly. I often detect a sense of guilt in the grandmother's eyes. Perhaps she is trying to make up to the child for what was almost done to him. Her glances to me will never allow me to forget the closeness to which the child faced death.

Sometimes I wonder if the child knows what I almost did to him. When he clings desperately to his mother, refusing my arms, I am convinced that he knows. This is just his age, the child's grandmother assures me. I am not worried, for I love my child. I am proud that he is my son. I am glad that he lives. I do not have to convince myself of this anymore. It is just as we celebrate the second anniversary of his birth, I cannot help but reflect upon what had happened or almost happened.

It is peculiar that so many people think they know what is best for them. So many people, like myself, cling to dreams that they really do not understand. Why did I ever even want to go to Africa? The thought of it does not excite me as it used to. Before my child, the thought of Africa made my heart race and my mind tumble over ideas of taming the wild and conquering the vast unknown. Now I know that going to Africa was not what I really wanted. It was just an excuse, a way to ignore reality, to forget who I was. It would still be nice to travel to Africa someday. I cannot deny this. But I do not need to like I once thought I did.

I have wondered what it would have been like if I had gone to Africa with Himiko. I think I would have been disappointed. Matter of fact, I know I would have. Africa could not have possibly lived up to what I imagined it should be. Himiko would have grown tired of me. Once I satis-



fied her sexual longings she would have left me. I now realize that Himiko was a child. Like my son, she demanded her desires to be met. She took from people to satisfy her ownself. I was a child too, for I took from her what I needed at the time. I enjoyed Himiko and she provided a comfort to me when I needed it most. I do not need Himiko now. I have comfort in my family. If I had gone to Africa with her, I would have been left with only my maps. No wife, no child, no lover. I would have been left with only my shattered dreams.

Dreams. Dreams that evolved into nightmares. So many nightmares that I lived through. I do not even remember taking the baby back to the hospital. It was such a nightmare worrying that the child would die in my lap. I do not recall what I even said to the nurses and doctors, all I know was that I had to save my son.

Even after the child was out of any real danger, I still had nightmares about him. I was always walking through the African jungles two or three steps behind Himiko. I would hear a faint crying. Turning, I would see my wife with the monster baby in her arms. They were both sinking into quicksand. My wife's eyes pleaded with me to reach out and pull her and the child to safety. Hearing me stop, Himiko has turned and taken my arm pulling me away! I am too weak to pull away from Himiko, but yet my eyes cannot focus on anything but my sinking child. As I am pulled away, I see only the monster head, as if it is floating on the quicksand, and my wife's arm grasping in the air. It is at this point I always wake. On several occasions I have woken my wife with my screams. How can I dare possibly describe my dreams to her? She did not even know of the baby's grotesque deformity. How could she ever understand what torture I went through in deciding to keep the baby? These are questions that I keep to myself. These nightmares have awakened me to reality. I made my choice. I pulled away from Himiko and pulled my family from the suffocating quicksand. But by pulling them to safety, somehow I pulled myself to safety too.

My nightmare comes less and less frequent as I realize it was not the baby who scared me but myself. By running to Africa I would have run away from everything that represented myself. I would not have to be me in Africa. But I realized by killing the baby I would also be killing a part of me, and I did not want to die.

I saved the baby and thus I saved myself. I gained a new respect for myself and others did also. My wife has a new respect for me that she did not have before. I think I surprised her. I took responsibility for the baby and it worked out. At first my mother-in-law was angry with me for allowing the child to have surgery. Now that the child is normal and gives kisses to her, my mother-in-law too shows me a respect I thought I



would never see from her. Even my father-in-law treats me as a new man. I am more his equal now, not just his son-in-law.

The child is so alert and mature for his age. Many people say he takes after me. How soon they forget the old Bird, one who was so immature that people called him by a childhood nickname. But now it is different. I am different. I am a man. I have a family. I have a son. When I look at my son, I see myself in him, but I do not see Bird. Bird is gone. My son will grow up knowing his father, but not knowing Bird. I am thankful for this.







*TO BRIAN CAPOUCH:*

For all of the lunchtimes we sat and ate  
While undertaking in lively debates,  
And though the world's problems we did not solve  
Many of our personal beliefs have been resolved,  
For all of the shit that you've taken and given  
My toast now tastes better with some cinnamon,  
For knowledge that in your presence we have gained  
That a structured classroom would normally restrain,  
For allowing us the freedom to make mistakes  
When you know the wrong that our action will make,  
For all of the joy, love and optimism that you shared  
That has given us the courage to make a dare  
And of the gifts that I like the best  
Accepting us for who we are is better than the rest!

## WINTER'S SPELL

Winter: a time of beauty and enchantment.

The snow drifting softly through the trees  
Covers the earth with a velvet shroud.  
Jack Frost paints the world with ice  
Making sculptures of the trees.

Children make angels in the snow  
and snowmen line the streets.

Skaters glide smoothly on the pond  
As if they were wound with a key.  
Cheeks and noses are colored crimson  
People look like china dolls.

The smoke seen wafting from the chimney  
Invites us all to hurry home.  
Logs blazing brightly on the hearth  
Await inside to warm the weary.

Huddled together by the fire  
We thank the Lord for  
Winter's Spell.

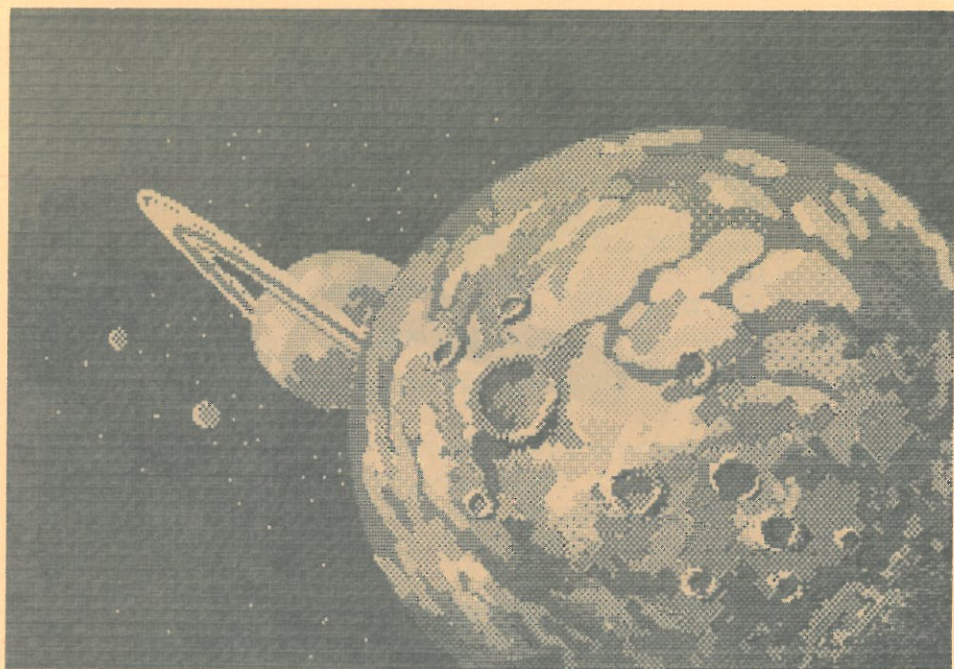
*Amy Ceader*



Knees.  
A simple safety pin.  
Holding together for some useful purpose.  
Straight and erect . . .  
They can take you anywhere.  
Bent . . .  
You may rest,  
Or hold a smaller loved one  
In your lap.

*Angie Fought*





*ME*

I am  
alone and  
afraid  
in a  
world  
for which  
I was  
not made.

*B.S.*



## ANGEL

Early Saturday morning, the sun creeps lazily to its apex. The anglers hurl lines from the pier, in quest of groupers, sea bass and many other spiny delights. Children scream, high and shrill, as waves chase them ashore. She lies, lean and supple, upon an enormous beach towel. A cool westerly wind ruffles the long strawberry strands which radiate from her head, like a magnificent fan of living silk. Mirrored glass hides beautiful blue-gray eyes. A sultry smile lingers on her lips and then bursts into laughter, as waves tickle her toes. Craning her neck, she stretches. Every muscle tightens under tan, well oiled skin. In gentle brushstrokes, a turquoise one piece covers her body.

Late Saturday evening, the fishermen are at home, enjoying their catch, maybe. Purple-gray sun is slowly engulfed by dark, vicious clouds. The grumbling stomach of the sky spews forth noxious rain. Screams and cries fill the air, not shrill laughter but ghastly horror. She lies face down, once tan and lovely, now pale and bloated. Strawberry hair, now dirty green. Kelp leeches itself on her, its stark green a gruesome contrast to her pallid face. Mirrored sunglasses no longer protect her eyes, eyes which now roll back in her head. Tanned and oiled skin, now slick with mud and sand, a brown-gray muck. Children are told to keep away the fiddler crabs and other beach scavengers. Remnants of a sea shaded painting, lie tattered over her bruised and mangled form. "Oh God, someone please cover her. She was mine!!"

*Gratt.*

## THE WALK

In the howling wind I find him  
Creeping slowly from behind.  
His voice is gentle as a seraphim.  
I ask his name; his reply: "Your Mind."

The spectre floats in shadow,  
His name I do not know.  
He whispers to me stories of life,  
The joys of my children and my wife.

He taunts with tales of hypocrisy.  
"You are one thing but act as another."  
I turn and cry, "That is not me."  
He talks of the betrayal of a brother.

Fury rages in my heart  
Such lies I will not bear.  
My screams of anger start  
I turn and he is not there.

In the howling wind I found you,  
Creeping up behind me.  
I asked a name of you.  
You replied, "Mortality."

*Gratt.*



## HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER

Anna Parker  
White hair severely knotted,  
Flowered frock from the forties,  
NIKE tennis shoes.  
“Read, read, and read some more!”  
That she told her class,  
She wrote it on the board.  
Every freshman’s nightmare,  
Every senior’s joke.  
History is her subject,  
And she knows it well.  
She should —  
She was alive through most if it!  
Her domain is on the third floor Main.  
Room 165 — in the wing.  
First hour was her “prep”  
And she mosied through the wing,  
On third floor Main.  
Looked in the bathrooms,  
And under the stairs.  
“Shouldn’t you be in class?” she’d hiss.  
Nothing gave her more pleasure than to do this!  
The bell would ring,  
Her students grudgingly filed in.  
“Read Chapter 7 . . . quiz tomorrow!”  
And they thought . . .  
Read, read, and read some more.  
She said it to her classes,  
She wrote it on the board.

*Angie Fought*

\* A dedication to Greg Kulavik (1965-1985), who was a victim of a tragic accident last April at Lake Banet. This poem was read at his funeral service on May 2, 1985.

## *"OUR BELOVED FRIEND GREG"*

*By: Mary Bosch*

At first when we met him, he was so  
Quiet,  
But when he got to know us, he was just as crazy as we were,  
As crazy as we were.

We would call him the "comic relief,"  
Because he would tell the craziest  
Jokes at the most bizarre moments.

His other nickname was the, "Mystery Man;"  
One minute he would be there and the  
Next minute he would be nowhere to be  
Seen

We were all his dieticians because he  
Wanted to gain weight,  
But when he would go up and get another  
Plateful of food, he would sit down with  
It and when we weren't looking — he  
Would place it on someone else's plate.

He always seemed so innocent,  
But he was just as guilty as the  
Rest of us in our joke-playing with  
Each other.

He was always willing to help anyone,  
No matter what time of the day or night  
It was.

He was really a great guy;  
We will always remember and cherish  
All the happy times we have shared  
Together.

We will keep our love for him in  
Our hearts,  
And we will miss: "Our Beloved Friend Greg!"



All the world could be a stage  
And we are merely players  
Performers and portrayers  
Each another's audience . . .

*Neil Peart of "RUSH"*



## *A PEN*

For 39¢ one can purchase this brilliant tool.  
It can . . .  
Record your deepest thoughts —  
for only a few to see.  
Send an emotion to a friend far away.  
Make a scribble that's legal and binding.  
Doodle when it's bored.  
It can do most anything —  
"With a little help from its friends!"

*Angie Fought*